



Brewsletter Urquell

THE FOAM RANGERS

Jan-u-something 2015

Volume 35, Issue: 1

Out (of) The Wazoo

Noel Hart, Grand Wazoo

I am the new Grand Wazoo, or as some like to call me, "The biggest idiot in the room."

I'm excited to see what the Foam Rangers have in store for this year. I'm sure it will be a whirlwind of excitement.

The trick will be if I can remember any of it.

I want to thank all of the officers last year and welcome all the new officers this year. This year we have Paul Porter as Scriver, Rich Goeggel as Purser, Bev Blackwood as The Large Member (or Member at Large, if you prefer), and Robert Brown as Secondary. For the non-voting positions Will Holobowicz once again stepped up to be Competition Coordinator, and Rich Goeggel will continue to be our Web Guru. We don't have a Food God for every meeting,

See Wazoo Page 2



Andy Thomas' Scoresheets Delivered

Brewsletter Staff

A telegraph from Australia recently reached Foam Ranger Global Headquarters. It appears that the scoresheets for Andy Thomas have been delivered in record time--just under 14 months after the 2013 Dixie Cup. The return message arrived much more quickly, taking only a week of travel including several days each being carried by a Dingo and in a Kangaroo's pouch before reaching the telegraph operator in Brisbane.

Gigantic Piñata Found in Foam Ranger Storage Unit

The Homebrew Agenda

Brewsletter Staff

With the Texas Legislature recently in session, some homebrewers may have been asked in an appeal from Open the Taps for input on any changes Texas homebrewers might suggest for this legislature. The obvious liscenced facility language was noted, but we at the Brewsletter wanted to investigate deeper to see the motives and other priorities fueling changes in the state laws. We found a common agenda from many homebrewers. Here it is:

8:33 - Roll out of bed

8:46 - Seek breakfast...er...barleywine

8:48 - Scratch eyebrow

9:09 - Retrace final steps of last night

9:12 - Find pants/skrt

9:29 - Open additional bottle of barleywine

9:47 - Admire new wort chiller

10:11 - Find last bottle of burbon imperial something-or-other

10:49 - Arrive at Defalco's to pick up ingredients

11:30 - Begin brew day

Upcoming events

Feb 1st - Officer's Meeting

Feb 7th - Brew-in

Feb 20th - Meeting

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but Erik Stahl will be our demi god for food, helping out at meetings he can make it to, like this one! For the rest of the meetings we will be relying on members to bring some tasty snacks. We also don't have a Dixie Cup Coordinator yet. This is a really important position if we want to have a successful Dixie Cup this year, so let one of the officers know if you think you might be interested. It's a very rewarding position and comes with a lot of perks, like picking this year's Dixie Cup theme and speakers.

It's also that time of year to PAY YOUR FUCKING DUES!!! PAY YOUR FUCKING DUES!!!

The club is going strong and we have some extra special events in store. Now, pass me that Russian Imperial Stout! Oh also add Matt crunkovich as brews letter editor to the list of people to thank for doing an awesome job.

You aren't forgotten...just too many beers.

Aaand Sean lamb as was waz. There, I'm done. Lol



Competitions

Will Holobowicz, Competition Coordinator

Once again we will either drive entries or pack and ship to all the LSC events this year. Stay tuned for more key dates as they become available. Please note – it has been standing club policy that you need to be a paid member to use this resource. So pay your dues ASAP.

First up is Bluebonnet Brew-off. Last year the club did very well at Bluebonnet. For the first time we won the Mueller Brown Quality Award, and a variety of brewers won accolades – Robert Brown, Scott Fertak, Hank Keller, Jason Sheehy, James Paige, Will Holobowicz, Wesley Powell, and David Rogers who also won Homebrewer of the year. Let's hope to repeat!



Bluebonnet Brew-off

Pack and Ship: Feb 15th
Entry Deadline: Feb 19th
Judging: Feb 28 - March 1,
March 7-8, March 14-15
Event: March 20 - 21
Awards Ceremony: March 21

KGB Big Batch Brew Bash

Entry Date: May 1
Style: American Barleywine
Judging: May 17
Awards Ceremony: May 17

Alamo City Cerveza Fest

Pack and Ship: Feb 28th
Entry Dates: Feb 13 - March 6
Judging: TBD
Awards Ceremony: April 11

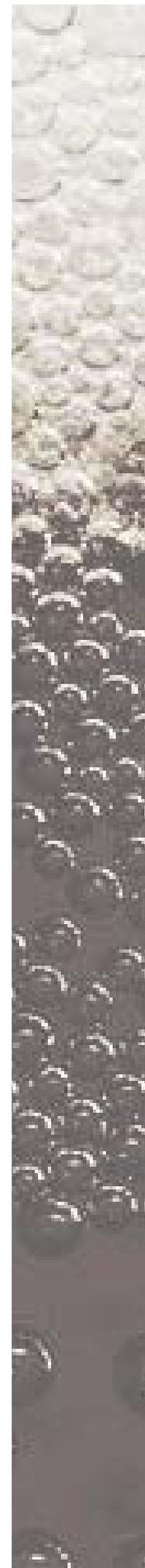
NON-LSC Event:

AHA National Homebrew Competition

1st Round - Austin
Contact: Neil Spake
Email: neil.spake@gmail.com
Entry Fee: \$14 per entry, AHA members only
Entry Deadline: March 11

Cactus Challenge

Entry Dates: Mar. 6th - 27th
Judging: Apr 4th - Apr 25th
Event: May 2nd



Unabridged Officer's Meeting Minutes

Paul Porter, Scrivener

...beep..., ..beep.., .beep., beep, Beep, BEep, BEEp, BEEP, BEEP!
MEEP!! MEEP!!! MEEP!!!!

Who the hell let Beaker into my room?! Bunsen will be receiving a restraining order over this one. Just lucky I sleep with a comically large hammer under my pillow for such things. Unfortunately, the effort of the scuffle resulted with my face planted firmly in the beige grass. Odd the ground is rather firm and smells of old pussy and not the type of carpet you enjoy face deep in. MEEP! MEEP! MEEP! MEEP! Clearly the first assault was insufficient to subdue the incessant MEEPing this time I'll pull the plug on the orange haired blighter and rest my throbbing brain, which is clearly 3 sizes too large for my cranium.

I've been treating this disjunction of whitish-grey mater and skull capacity with liberal application of ethanol for days now, but the medicine seems to wear off every time I sleep. I wake each morning to a screaming headache that can only soothed by swift re-application of treatment. Some joker once suggested hair of the dog but I just don't have the stomach for it. Lucky for me, it seems I had hair-ball remedy for cats; apparently I have a cat... I guess that explains the smell of old pussy lingering in my nostrils. Where did I find that dog hair anyway? Anyway, I continue to Endeavor (mmm... beer) to reduce the amount of sleep that clearly causes my condition in an effort to maintain continuous ethanol consumption.

Much to my chagrin, I must refrain from treatment in order to visit the Wonderful Wizard of Waz on the Flying Saucer. For today, I quest for knowledge from the Wizard of Waz and his court of occifers. Do I still have any of that hair of the dog? Maybe this time it will help tame Tasmanian devil with a speech impediment scrawling graffiti on my dura? Screw it, I'll chew on this white willow bark and down a pint of what I would like to have been a Founder's Breakfast Stout or Fort Bend's Barista Dolce.

Stepping outside I feel that mild chill of what passes for winter here. I then realize I forgot to shower and get dressed. Having remedied these minor oversights, I mounted my white steed "Focus" and hurried off to the Smithlands landing site to shuttle to Area 51. As everyone knows, you don't just hitch your steed in Area 51. Instead you must take a government run transport. And so I entered the one car train, but can a train have only one car and be a train? I stepped in a horrible re-incarnation Lucas' cantina adorned with a wretched hive of scum and villainy but without the dulcet tones of Figrin D'an and the Modal Nodes. The scum and smells flowed in and out like Ike delivered debris and dead fish in the brownish/green surf of Galveston beach. I dreamed of the ever-consistent Yellow Brick Road that once delivered Dorothy to her Wizard. As I stepped out of the urine soaked train that isn't a train, I too found a brick road but more of a crimson color which was confirmed by comparison to the blood dripping from a deceased pigeon that dared to break it's glass ceiling to merely find the metaphor is quite literal in regards sky scrapers. Although discouraged by this foul/fowl portent, I continued to slink past the odor of spare change requests toward the landing site. The Flying Saucer must be near and as I am drawn nearer the ragged people and tattooed buildings give way to clean suits and hipster-ish décor.

I arrived at the door of the Flying Saucer and my expectation of a clean gleaming silver ship was swiftly destroyed in a puff of hunter green and dark mahogany filth. As I entered the repeated set of doors comprising the air lock, I saw a throng of creatures drinking beverages of varying colors. As I draw closer to the center of the building I noticed



a great copper sow had lain down with its many teats exposed, and from which the various beverages were delivered to the saucer's occupants by expert milkers located behind a great wood and concrete edifice reminiscent of the Aztec sacrificial altar. Before, this great suckling beast was two ettins and two video shines one to the stag god and one to the boar god. The ettins themselves were unique in that there wasn't a left and right head but an upper and lower head, Zaphod Beeblebrox style. The lower was a typical corporeal sort while the upper seemed intangible but was able to support a ball cap. Given the hats and blank attention to video shines, which consistently displayed American style football; the ettins clearly had developed a passion for Tellurian sports. Not to be alienated from the assembly, I too requested a beverage, an amber colored draught prepared by Saint Arnold. It seems his miraculous ability to produce beer was deemed by too valuable to be lost and upon his eminent death in 1087 was transported the alien mother ship. My foolhardy attempt to fit into this strange ship's ecology proffered up my most needed elixir and my sleep-induced headache began to ease. Much to my annoyance, the miraculous never-ending Saint Arnold beer effect had no impact on my current beverage. As I stared longingly into my empty glass, the first of the occifers revealed himself. "I am occifer Brown" which was queer given his green fur. Occifer Brown was a bespectacled, apprehensive, curious fellow greatly concerned about the time and finding his fellow occifers

and the Waz.

Waz. . .Waz. . . Why does that seem familiar? Oh yeah, I'm here to find the Wonderful Wizzer of Waz, so I joined the company of Occifer Brown to seek Waz, leader of the Council of Occifers. Being "Secondary", Occifer Brown apparently was the newly elected vice-president of the Foam Ranger clan. The Council was being hosted by the Flying Saucer inhabitants, which were similar to humanoids in form but with various types of drinking vessels in place of one hand. Prior to leaving the sacrificial altar and the great copper sow, the raven-like milker tendered another offering. Having noticed the Western religious Saint Arnold amber left me wanting, she decided that rather than trying an Eastern religious beverage experience, I should go further West and seek the wit of the Great White Buffalo. Beer in hand, Off we wushed under the sparkling mosaic stars and round monuments with names and dates to the fallen Saucer inhabitants who, given their snarky epitaphs, had a jovial opinion of death and deep respect for beer.

At last we arrived at the table of the Waz, there he sat in all his regalia, which in this case means a T-shirt and tattoos. To my great surprise, it seemed I was expected and, in fact, asked to participate in the government of the Foam Rangerian people. With some disappointment, I found out I was taking notes. Also in attendance was J of 9, a tightly spotted creature of fiery hair; Occifer Rich, a vellicant fellow of sagelike alabaster fur; and of course my traveling partner Occifer Brown. With a mighty rap of Waz's glass mallet, a flurry of governmental and procedural topics were discussed. Many of which were about the shuffle of objects that seemed displeased with their current domiciles. It also seems Foamies, which I discovered was a popular nickname for the Foam Rangerian inhabitants, have issues with their paperwork growing appendages and perambulating to avoid detection. At seemingly random times, a cry of Fuck Blue Bonnets was uttered. Either the Foamies have a great revulsion to the little blue wild flowers or certain colors of 19th century ladies headwear.

It also seems Foamies have an

emphatic love of the Dixie Cup, such that an annual festival is devoted to the paper drinking vessels. A quizzical conundrum was delivered by the department of redundancy department to be discussed before the Council. The Foamies had too much beer! I thought to myself, "they consider alcohol abundance an abominable ado?" An arrangement about abolishing additional ale aggregated and an activity authored to dispose of the excess via a ring delivery system. Forgive me, I seem to have had "a" great vowel movement there.

The meeting soon wound to an end. Though, I partook of the Sainly draught, enjoyed the wit of the Great White Buffalo, had a pilgrimage to and through the Fly Saucer, sought the Council of the Occifers, consulted with the Wonderful Wizard of Waz, got Silly (Stupid Silly too) and had a good vowel movement, I felt empty. I consulted the Raveness tending the great copper sow and asked for the Lion's Share in hopes of slaking my thirst. With my pain abated, I abandoned the Saucer to seek further refuge from the sleep that invariably brings the pain of morning.



An image from the January brew-in. Sorry I didn't bother showing up or taking any photos, folks!



Porters & Stouts

Robert Brown, Secondary Fermenter

The two styles appear to be very similar in color (i.e. very dark brown to black) and both are on the malty side of the taste spectrum. The differences in the styles are subtle and, in reality, there is quite a bit of overlap between the two. Some would even go as far to say that there is no difference between them. However, serious beer enthusiasts would most likely say that porters tend to be mocha/chocolate oriented while stouts give off more coffee/espresso flavor. A popular technique using either style is barrel aging, where the base beer is typically added to one that once contained bourbon.

Of the two styles, the porter apparently came first. It was created in London in the early 1700s with the exclusive usage of brown malt. This type of malt was made by drying base grain over wood burning open flame. As a result, it is suspected that early porters had a distinct smoky flavor. The porter was a beer mostly associated with the working class. It was used as part of several blend combinations in pubs and was probably more of a ruby red in color. The early porter is thought to have been more acidic, and maybe even sour due to long term barrel storage. Finally, it is claimed that early porters were much higher in alcohol than their current day counterparts.

Porters changed during the course of the Industrial Revolution. Over time, the porter evolved into the dark brownish color and became also weaker due to heavier taxation. Brewers did attempt to counter less malt by using sugar, molasses, or other interesting adjuncts. Extremely large vats began to be used for fermentation and storage of porters. This fermentation occurred at an elevated temperature due to a high volume-to-surface ratio, which yielded more esters and fusel alcohols in the final product. Pale malts began to dominate the grain bill for making porters since they were more cost effective, although brown malts were still included for color and character. Colorants were used to produce a darker beer until malt kilning was patented and the resulting darker malts could be utilized.

Once grains like black patent, chocolate malt, and roasted barley were in existence, stouts began to evolve from porters. The term "stout" that we know today came from the referral of stronger porter variations as "stout porters". The use of roasted barley pretty much define the style, where porters are made with little to no roasted barley. Stouts would eventually take over in popularity as porter production halted completely in the 1930s. The porter style had to be reinterpreted once it came into existence some years later. The stout branched into six major style types: dry, sweet, oatmeal, American, foreign extra, and Russian imperial.

For a modern interpretation of these styles, see BJCP Style Guidelines.

Porters - <http://www.bjcp.org/2008styles/style12.php>

Stout - <http://www.bjcp.org/2008styles/style13.php>



Officer's Meeting Minutes, The not nearly as exciting version

Paul Porter, Scrivener

January 4, 2015

Foam Rangers Occifer's Meeting Minutes

The meeting began in typical laid back Foam Ranger fashion, around 30 minutes late. The delay resulted not so much from arriving late but an inability to locate each other, despite being a mere 20 yards away. We are either exceptionally myopic folk or entirely too relaxed for punctuality; I side with the latter. With a couple raps of his knuckles against the mahogany stained oak table, Noel called the meeting to order, which I took to mean ordering another beer.

Occifers in attendance were the newly elected guard Noel Hart (Iz Waz), Robert Brown (Secondary Fermenter), Rich Goeggel (Murser), and I (Scrivener). Sadly, we were without our illustrious Was Waz Sean Lamb and our Large Member Bev. BlackWOOD, err Member at Large. Also attending the occifer meeting was J9 Webber, Jim, and his lovely wife.

The agenda was relatively light. Topics included what club equipment was to be found in storage, who had what stuff, who should store it, an online beer inventory Robert Brown developed, procedures and budgets for beer procurement for meetings, and several other procedural information for new occifers. Access to club financials from old occifers to new occifers need to be done. Paul Smith has raffle prizes. The occifer list email is up and running. It was also decided that J9 Webber would be doing the January Brew-In, though that didn't actually happen. J9 has also graciously offered to bring drinking water to the meetings to ease the work of the Secondary Fermenter.

We seem to have lost our desk supplies from Dixie Cup. So if you have seen them, please report them to your local Foam Ranger Occifer but under no circumstances approach them; they are armed with paper cuts and lemon juice.

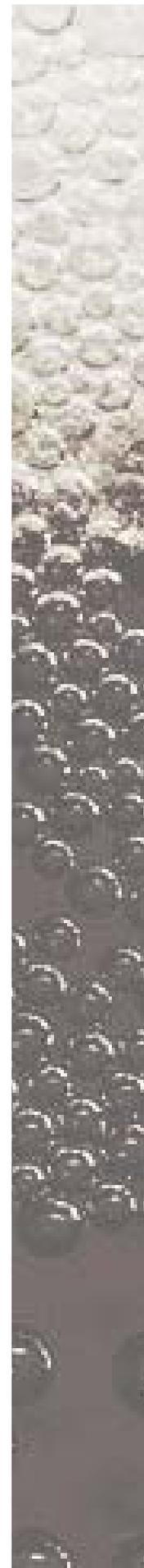
A topic of significant impact discussed is the lack of a Food God or Goddess. Although several members, such as Eric Stehl, have stepped up to cover this gap, we need someone dedicated to oversee this vital task. I am certain any volunteer will have the full support of the club membership. Few people like to drink without food, and no one likes cleaning up after those that do.

We still need to fill several positions for Dixie Cup 2015. The most important, of course, being the Dixie Cup Coordinator. If you have the time, please step up. There are several past coordinators to help guide you. As most of you know, Dixie Cup is a hell of a lot of fun, and if it doesn't happen, I'll be a sad panda.

A particularly troubling topic arose at the meeting. We have a surplus of beer remaining from meetings and events. Although measures are planned to remedy the current crisis, we as proud Foam Rangers must step up our participation! That's right, dig down deep and drink one more for the team! Better yet, invite your friends and family to join in our revelry!

It was decided that the immediate remedy to the too much beer crisis was to have a ring toss at the barely wine meeting (February). It's your opportunity to score some extra bottles of brew and give back to the club. Some special brews will be added to the mix by the club to sweeten the pool. If you would like to donate some craft beer to the ring toss, let us know.

With another knock on the table from Noel, the meeting was adjourned and more beer consumed.





I WANT TO BE SOMEBODY IN PARTICULAR!
SIGN ME UP TO BECOME A MEMBER OF
THE FOAM RANGERS HOMEBREW CLUB!



NAME(S) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

MEMBER E-MAIL _____

2ND MEMBER E-MAIL _____ PHONE _____

AMOUNT PAID _____ NEW RENEWAL CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Membership Renewal: \$35.00 Individual / \$45.00 Family (Member +1)

Paid between October 31 and December 31 \$30.00 / \$40.00 (Pay early and save!)

New Member Fees: (per year)

Paid between January 1 & June 30 \$35.00 / \$45.00

Paid between July 1 & October 31 \$25.00 / \$35.00 (Includes Dixie Cup!)

Please make checks payable to: The Foam Rangers

Bring this form (and your payment) to the next club meeting, drop it off at DeFalco's or send it to:



Welcome to the Foam Rangers! Now get connected!

We have two E-mail lists:

The Foam Rangers Discussion List & the Foam Rangers Announce List.

What's the difference?

The Foam Rangers Discussion list is where people can interact and reply to the posts of other Foam Ranger list members. The Foam Rangers Announce list is where the Grand Wazoo posts club announcements and is not a discussion list. Anything posted to the Announce list will also be posted to the Discussion list, so you don't have to subscribe to both.

To subscribe to the Discussion list, send an e-mail to:

foam-rangers-join@foamrangers.com



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